

L. III.

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Death of a Mother.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.
When she died, I was away from home.
Immediately sent for. Upon my arri-
val the house turned upside down,
preparing for a great party. Beds
were taken away, and the rooms furnished
to accommodate a great multitude.
I looked to see the family so busy, and
engaged in the labor of preparation,
and to me to be disrespectful to my moth-
er's father was about, giving orders
and usual energy. At table, my old
mother presided, in place of my mother,
and like a comorant, and praised the
never been in the house of death
and thought we ought all of us to
be silent and sorrowful. I found out
since, that when in the very midst
of disease, the mind accommodates
itself to the case, and we look upon the
more reasonable light, being com-
forted and behave collectedly by ne-
cessity in this, as in every
exceeds reality; and the death of
dear mother affects us more severely than
the seeing of his departure.

My mother and myself occupied a cham-
ber, when we are at home, nearly
mother's bedroom. We were obli-
vious to her door in getting to our room,
and together, both of us timed at the
death so near us.
We got into bed, and he had fallen
a sudden courage possessed me. I
dreamed with myself for a few mo-
ments took the light and went down to
her room—turned the sheet from
her, and gazed upon her in the silence
of death. I kissed her pale
face again and again. It seemed to me
I was parting with her for the last
time. I retired to my chamber with no sen-
sation of my heart. I felt lifted above
from that time I never feared death.
Knowledge of what death is, was sub-
stituted to me with that act. The
dignified feeling of that hour
depart. All childish delusions
dispelled by the excess of my affection.
That affection is as indelible as her

memory to school, and, as I have said,
my sorrows; though, when I
saw my mother's image
near to me, when she soothed my
childish complaints,
which had guided my feet below,
she shone upon me like a star from
When, too, the mothers of the other
me out to see them, and I saw how
they were, I then wished I had a
mother.

It would have been mentioned before this, that
my mother was a pious and virtuous woman,
well educated—and who in New
England was in respect for the Sabbath.
She was heard in her house on Sun-
days made to sit still, and read
on that day—even the abstruse
of St. Paul. We understood noth-
ing, that it was a good act to do so,
and God; how, we did not know.
We think to enquire—for the impres-
sion early one, and was received as a
course.

My early impressions in morals and
like the laws of nature, which
are constantly and invariably
that they seem matters of course.
My gratification was not inquired
of, though the world had lived
under the influence of this law for centuries.
I, born of religious parents, can-
not but have horror and self accusation,
committing a sin for the first time, and
wearing away of his scruples!

If he is a man, he will find him-
self, daily and hourly, things which
would have shuddered to commit.
Our religious reading, we felt that
it was right, and that was pleasant.
After we were snugly in bed, our
mother would come and seat herself upon
the bed, and one by one we said our
prayers. She would then kiss us and
retire.

My impressions at this season
were never obliterated. Strange
thoughts of God, and Heaven,
came up to me now—they
were in my woe—life with a spirit
I cannot account for: for I have
been bred to be skeptical. Philoso-
phy, account for it, if they can; for
believe, truly, that it is the seeds of
these infant prayers and bedside
prayers, and over which the
world has been heaped up, strug-
gling to light, and bear the fruit of

From the N. Y. Observer.
Dr. Humphrey's Tour.
IRELAND.—Intemperance.

This, after all, is the blighting, burning,
MADDENING, CONSUMING curse of Ire-
land—the curse of all curses; the woe of
all other woes. Confiscated and parcelled
out by the Henrys, its life-blood annually
drained off by the absentees, and its remain-
ing substance devoured by a terrific and in-
satiable pauperism, it would be a miracle, if
this island were not one of the poorest and
most degraded spots in Christendom. But all
these causes of its unparalleled wretchedness
are cast in the shade, by the ravages of
strong drink. Bad and oppressive as the
whole system of political economy is, in Ire-
land, if the demon of intemperance could
be cast out, there would still be bread
enough and to spare for its great population,
while the condition of the people, in every
other respect, would be infinitely improved.
Intemperance is not like famine, or pesti-
lence, or any other single-handed enemy
which marches through a land and leaves it.
Its name is "legion," and its waves of
fire never cease to roll. There lie beneath
the sparkling of intoxicating liquors, all the
poison of adders; all the infernal agencies
of bodily torture; all the elements of pau-
perism, insanity, and crime; and all the
burnings of hell. Horribly torturing and
debasing every where; intemperance is pre-
eminently so in Ireland, owing to the pov-
erty of the country, and other kindred aggra-
vations. It is the garment of Nessus, tat-
tered indeed, but saturated with a venom,
which no constitution could resist; and it
must be torn off, or it will calcine the bones,
which famine has left bare and dry.

The documents on which I chiefly rely,
to bear me out in these strong statements,
are contained in the *Parliamentary Evi-
dences on Drunkenness, taken before a very
respectable Committee of the House of Com-
mons, in the month of June and July, 1834.*
This was after the temperance reform had
been introduced and made considerable pro-
gress, chiefly in the north of Ireland; and
since then, vigorous efforts have been made,
by a few individuals, to carry forward the
work; but from all the inquiries I could
make, when I was there, and from all that I
have been able to learn since, I am afraid
that the state of the island at large, in this
respect, is very little better than it has been
for the last ten years.

In 1828, the consumption of distilled spirits,
in Ireland, according to the Excise of-
fice returns, was 10,000,000 of gallons.—
Besides this, a very large quantity must be
put down to the score of illicit distillation,
which no vigilance of the government has
yet been able to suppress. In the *Parlia-
mentary papers for 1823*, it is stated, that
at a period when 3,000,000 of gallons were
charged with duty, 10,000,000, in opinion of
the Revenue committee, were really made.
In another case, subsequent to this, where
6,000,000 were charged, it was believed 12,-
000,000 were distilled. For some reason,
however, which does not appear, Professor
Edgar estimates the private distillation, in
1828, at only 2,500,000 gallons, which, added
to the 10,000,000 paying duty, makes
12,500,000; and this, by the addition of wa-
ter in the vaults and shops, raised it to at
least 14,000,000. The cost, to the consum-
ers, could not have been less than nine
shillings per gallon, or £5,300,000 sterling.
At the annual meeting of the Hibernian
Temperance Society in Dublin, held on the
19th of June, 1835, it was stated by John
Mackay, Esq. that no less a sum, than seven
million of pounds was expended on whis-
key, in 1833. Taking this as a fair esti-
mate, of the present consumption, in Ireland,
the annual cost of liquid fire which goes
down into her vitals, and up to the throne of
reason, is \$35,000,000.

But this is not all. In 1836, there were
245 brewers in Ireland, whose consumption
of malt was 1,829,587 bushels. The pro-
duct of this, must have cost the consumers
from three to four million of dollars—so
that, including wines, large quantities of
which are drunk by the higher class in Ire-
land, the aggregate cost of intoxicating li-
quors must exceed \$40,000,000! Now sup-
pose this money were thrown into the Irish
channel, the loss would amount, in ten years,
to \$400,000,000! Is it strange, that there
are two million and a half of paupers in
Ireland! The wonder is, how any thing
can still be left to be consumed, by those
tortured fires, which have so long ravaged
the island.

But where do the 14,000,000 gallons of
ardent spirits come from? What substances
in nature are put to the torture, in order to
fill these fountains, and furnish these perni-
cious streams of liquid poison? Not the
vintages of France and Italy, nor the can-
crops of the West Indies, nor the fruits of
the orchards; but the staff of life itself.—
Yes, the grain, the bread which should feed
the famishing millions of Ireland, is taken
from their mouths, and converted into a fiery
liquid, to madden and burn them up, soul
and body together. I am not able, at this
moment, to put down the average product,
in whiskey, from a single bushel of grain.
Four gallons, however, I believe, is rather
above, than below, a fair estimate. Reck-
oning it at four gallons, it takes 3,500,000
bushels of bread stuffs, to make 14,000,000
gallons of "liquid fire and distilled damna-
tion." To this add the 1,829,587 bushels of
malt, which the brewers consume, and you
have 5,329,587 bushels of grain, from the
annual produce of the Irish soil, thrown in-
to the fire before the eyes of those who are
in want of it! That is, the distillers and
brewers of Ireland actually take between
three and four bushels of rye, barley, and
other grain from every family in Ireland,
and having converted all this nutriment into
poison, send it back to torture and kill them!
Is this credible? Is it fact, or is it fic-
tion, cruelly invented to work the hunger
and nakedness of a great and suffering peo-
ple? How is it possible, that such a fright-
ful devastation and wholesale murder can
be tolerated for one moment? Why does
not the government interfere, for the protec-
tion of the country, against this enormous
waste and horrible cruelty? Where are the
forty-nine regiments of his Majesty's
standing army in Ireland, that they do not
arrest these robbers of its granaries and
bring them to condign punishment? And
why, since the military and civil authorities
of the island do nothing for its protection,
why do not Ribbon-men and Orange-men,
the White-boys and the Right-boys, rise en
masse, and in all the strength of a common
desperation, and annihilate every distillery
and demolish every gin-shop from Dublin to
Galway—from Malin Head to Cape Clear?
What if some band of foreign marauders
were to land at Donegal, or Port Rush, and
by a sudden incursion destroy a few thou-
sands of bushels of bread stuffs, how quickly
would every drum and bugle echo the tid-
ings from mountain to mountain, and valley
to valley; and how many thousand blades
would flash, to turn back and avenge this
vandalism? Nay, what if only half
a dozen wheat-ricks should be fired, by a
few scores of the exasperated and hunger-
bitten peasantry of some remote district?—
How many tongues would cry out against
this barbarous destruction of human sub-
sistence. It would ring through the length
and breadth of the island, so as to make all
ears tingle; and the rioters would soon find
themselves on the drop of the gallows, or
under snail orders for Botany Bay. And
infinitely greater would be the indignation
and horror of all men, were some thousands
of domestic incendiaries, not only to burn
up five, or six millions of corn in starving
Ireland; but to substitute poison for bread,
and vend it all over the island, to the enor-
mous amount of \$35,000,000!

While all this is doing, however, every
thing is as quiet as a summer's lake. With
the exception of a few temperance agents
and philanthropists, nobody complains, that
the people are first furnished by the manu-
facturers, and then slowly tortured to death
by the vendors of strong drink. The gov-
ernment stands and looks on, not with indif-
ference merely, but with positive and high
approbation; and even the starving millions
themselves "love to have it so." The Chan-
cellor of the Exchequer, in presenting his
annual budget to parliament, exults when he
comes to the item of *Irish excise*, and is
cheered by the ministerial benches; while
every body, both in and out of parliament,
wonders at the incurable poverty and de-
gradation of the sister island; and all the
wisdom of Whig and Tory cabinets, as they
successively come into power, is baffled and
foiled, as soon as it crosses the channel. It
never seems to have occurred to any admin-
istration that it is impossible for such a coun-
try as Ireland to flourish, so long as the de-
mon of intemperance is left to sway his
sceptre over it, and it is garrisoned and trod-
den down by his myriads.

The statistics of intemperance in Ireland
are so much like those of our own country,
and of every other country where it prevails,
that a rapid glance at some of its more
prominent features is all that justice to the
subject seems further to require. There, as
well as every where else, the use of strong
drink inflames the blood, scorches and sears
the delicate organs of digestion, generates
the most painful diseases, exasperates them
to fatal issues, and renders many of them
hereditary. It devours the substance, be-
gets idleness, pours gall and hemlock
through all the channels of domestic fellow-
ship, metamorphoses husbands and fathers
into demons, mothers into forlones, and chil-
dren into imps and reprobates—weakens the
intellect, fires and maddens the brain, sears
the conscience, hardens the heart, multiplies
crimes, saps the very foundations of reli-
gion and social order, and widens immeas-
urably "the gates that leadeth to destruction."
Where intemperance reigns, the very breath
of heaven is infected; the clouds black and
pregnant with wrath, shoot out their light-
nings, and the earth opens her mouth to
swallow up that living mass of putrefaction
and pestilence which it can no longer suffer
to curse and disgrace its surface.

The reader may form a tolerably correct
notion of the state of the case in Ireland,
from the following brief minutes of the evi-
dence to which I have already alluded. It
is said by some careful observers, that twelve
out of thirteen, and by others, that nine out
of ten, who have been for any length of time
engaged in the spirit trade, have been great-
ly injured, if not ruined by it. Many shops
are kept by widows, whose husbands have
been killed by it. I know, says Professor
Edgar, three such, one of whom had three
husbands, and the others two each, who died
by drunkenness. The first of these had a
son, who killed himself by drinking; a son
of the second was transported for stealing
while drunk; and of the family of the third,
two sons and four daughters became drunk-
ards. Upon the Powercourt estate in
Armagh, (large enough almost for a duke-
dom), the inhabitants of which are not more
intemperate than those of any other district,
a sum equal to one-third of the whole rental,
was till lately spent in spirituous liquors.—
The parish of Belfast, as it is called, with
a population of 60,000, pays upon a moder-
ate estimate, 44,500 pounds a year for dis-
tilled spirits. Among both male and female
servants, but especially among the former,
there is reason to fear that three-fourths of
them bring themselves to demerit by in-
temperance. Among artisans and trades-
men, the case is very little better. In one
yard, says Professor Edgar, where fifty men
were working at an average of twenty-eight
shillings per week, only six had saved any
thing—the rest were profligate, continually

pressing for money in advance from their
employers. In another yard, where 40 or
50 men are employed, at from seven shil-
lings to thirty shillings per week, the clerk
states that there is but one who has saved
any money. Again, The masters of 38
establishments in Belfast lately, were in the
habit of giving to their men, as a stimulus
to increased exertions, two and a half glass-
es of distilled spirits daily, during seven
months each year, thus expending about
£1,300 upon 456 men, a greater amount
than is voluntarily contributed for the lodg-
ing, food, clothing, and medical attendance
of all the poor of the town. This, instead
of satisfying them, sends them to the spirit-
shops for more; and it is estimated that these
456 men drink 6,000 shillings worth (\$30,-
000) of whiskey in a year.

And it is not merely the drunkenness and
consequent misery among tradesmen that
are considered great evils, for when they
got out for what they call the "run" or
"spree," they have no desire to work, but
whole classes of them spend Monday, and
very frequently Tuesday, in idleness and dis-
sipation.

From the Litchfield Enquirer.
Life at the West.

The following extracts from a letter from
the Eden of the West, (Illinois) has been
handed to us for publication, that our read-
ers may themselves see what some of the
emigrants from New England think of the
beautiful country here described. The writ-
er is a lady, formerly a resident, and we be-
lieve a native of this town. People who are
desirous to emigrate to the West, should re-
member that "all is not gold that glitters."
A plate of tin looks as bright at a distance as
one of silver.

Near Chicago, ———, 1836.
"Provisions here are low in comparison
to what they were last winter. Butter is
from 10 to 20 cents per pound, and plenty,
and every thing else is so in the eating line.
The climate is quite cold here, much more
so than at Litchfield or New York State.—
The summer is very short. I do not know
whether it is best to be sorry that we have
come here or not. We talk some of going
south. We feel quite dissatisfied with the
country here. Lumber is 40 dollars a thou-
sand. A poor man can hardly afford a floor
to his log cabin. We live on a road where
from twenty to thirty market wagons, loaded
with flour, butter, corn meal, oats, &c. pass
(from south to Chicago) every day. Reason
teaches us that where these articles grow is
better than to stay here, where it is so cold
that oats can't grow more than a foot high,
and not get ripe at all. We have been dis-
appointed in coming here.

"In this country every house, cabin, or
wigwam is a tavern. At least the wearied
traveler thinks it very hard if when he gets
to a house he cannot get something to eat by
paying for it.
"Often in the still hour of midnight do my
thoughts wing their way to my sister's bed-
side, and there I fancy myself administering
to her wants; at other times I am by my pa-
rent's fireside listening to the voice of instruc-
tion and prayer, which long since became
silent; but alas! in the morning it is all a
dream, and I find myself in our little log
cabin, which is 16 by 16 feet—only one
room. I have in it two beds, a bureau, nine
chairs, a table, a chest to keep luncheon in,
a barrel of flour, a stove, three shelves for
dishes, besides the trundle bed and a chestor
two under the other beds. We have one
window with six lights on the west side, and
a hole cut through the logs on the south,
with an old rug hung up before it on rainy
days. The remainder of the light creeps
through the crevices between the logs. A
sort of floor we have overhead made of loose
rough boards, which is accessible by a rough
ladder—no cellar, no chambers, no closet,
—no well—and this is happiness in the
West!"

"Our children have not been to school a
day since they have been in this country, and
if we remain where we are they never can
unless we are able to have them boarded in
town. I have not attended public worship
since I left the State of N. York (18 months
since). I do not wish to have mother com-
here; it is too cold, and she could never go
to meeting, or have any society of any con-
sequence. If we move south, I hope we shall
be differently situated in this respect.

"The wind here is
piercing. When blowing its highest gale
on Litchfield or Goshen hills, can hardly be
compared with our every day breezes here.
I must confess that I am somewhat homesick.
To me, who was brought up among the hills
and woods and among pleasant neighbors,
an uninhabited prairie has but few charms.
A little prairie land is very convenient, but
what delight has an ocean prairie where there
is no object upon which the lone traveler
can fix his eye; no object whither to direct
his steps? I would almost as soon take up
my abode with the tempest-tost mariner as to
think of living on such a place. Yet this is a
correct description of a great part of the
far-famed Illinois."

SINGULAR CASE OF DIVORCE.—A very
singular case has been not long since pub-
lished at Venice, and was much discussed in
the German Journals. It was a marriage
which was dissolved the day after it was ce-
lebrated. The bride, a lady of twenty-seven,
much admired for her beauty, was most un-
expectedly found to have her person covered
with a profusion of black, thick, bristly hair;
she was in fact compared to a black poodle,
and was held to be sufficient ground for
divorce.—*London Court Journal.*

"You don't love me, I know you don't!"
said a young married lady to her husband
"I give you credit, my dear, for keen pene-
tration," was the consoling reply.

The Beautiful Convict.

[This singular story is given in the late papers as a
matter of fact.]

Rose Mac Orne was a rare sample of
Scotch beauty. Her eyes deeply blue, as
Loch Lomond, glowing cheeks, hair light
and glossy, parted over her broad forehead
like folds of a flax colored satin; features
which a shrewd and active mind had strong-
ly developed; a full, masculine frame of
stately proportions, and a firm, elastic, rapid
tread, which she had acquired in early days
when

Down the rocks she leapt along
Like rivulets in May.

Her youth was unfortunate, her mother
had died during her infancy; and her profligate
and selfish father had abandoned her
before she had reached the age of fifteen.
Many were anxious to take Rose into their
service, for she was neat and thrifty as a
brownie, and had the obsequious manner of
her countrymen, united with their proverbial
knowledge of the most direct road to favor
and fortune. Her great misfortune was
beauty. Often after the most unremitting ef-
fort to please, Rose was accused of a thou-
sand faults, and dismissed by prudent wives
and mothers, lest she should become too dear
a servant. Scotch discrimination soon dis-
covered the source of the difficulty, and
Scotch ambition resolved to make the best of
it. To lovers of her own rank she was al-
ternately winning and disdainful—determined
that none should break her chains, yet
dealing out her scorn to each, as their char-
acters would bear. With her superiors she
played a deep, insidious game. Trusting to
her strength of pride, she resisted their arts,
while she almost invariably made them the
victims of her own. In all this, Rose was
actuated by something more than a mere
girlish love of triumph; she was ambitious,
and had formed high hopes of opulent mar-
riage. Many a Cantabrigia Oxonian—many
a testy bachelor and gouty widower had got
entangled in her coils, and had been extri-
cated only by early interference of proud or
prudent relations. At length, notwithstanding
her modest manners and apparent art-
lessness, the intrigues of Rose Mac Orne be-
came as proverbial as her beauty; she could
obtain no service in any family where there
was a youth to be fascinated or wealthy old
age to be ejected.

Hearing that an East Indian man was about
to sail, with many ladies on board, Rose re-
solved to seek employment among them;
and succeeded in being appointed dressing
maid to an elderly lady, who was going out
to Calcutta to reside with an invalid. India,
match-making India, opened glorious pros-
pects to Scotch ambition. Rose took unex-
pected pains to please her mistress; and in
two days she was a decided favorite.

No wonder the gipsy began to feel proud
of her power; for she never tried to please
without decidedly effecting her purpose.—
But when was inordinate ambition known
to be a safeguard either to talent or beauty?
In two days Rose was to leave England, and
her mistress having given her permission to
attend the races, she, as the last act of kind-
ness to one of her lovers, consented to accom-
pany him. Rose was particularly fond of
ornaments, and it chanced that her heart was
set on a pearl pin which her mistress said
she seldom wore on account of its antique
fashion. Rose had more than once signified
how pretty she thought it; and wondered if
she was rich enough to buy pearls, whether
they would become her full and snowy neck.
She dared not ask for it outright; and she
never in her life had thought of taking any
thing dishonestly. But vanity, vanity, that
foolish and contemptible passion, which has
slain its tens of thousands, and that too, a-
mong the fairest and brightest of God's
works, prevailed over the better feelings of
Rose Mac Orne. She took the envious pin,
wore it to the races, heard James Mac In-
tyre praise it, told him her new mistress had
given it to her, and then, dreading the dis-
covery of the fact, began to devise schemes
for exchanging the bauble. The path of sin
is steep, and every step presses on with ac-
cumulated power. Rose had already com-
mitted a second crime to conceal the first;
and now the hope of security urged her to
commit others. She sold the breast pin and
bought a ring with the money, in hopes the
pin would never be inquired for this side of
India. But in this she was mistaken; that
very day the lady missed the jewel; and
Rose went deeper into falsehood than was
necessary to keep up appearances.

I will not follow her through every step of
this shameful struggle. It is sufficient to
say the thief was discovered; and Rose in-
stead of sailing for glorious match making
India, was in a few weeks hurried on board
a vessel, in which sixty-two other convicts
were destined for Botany Bay. This is a
painful reverse for one so young, so beauti-
ful, so inordinately ambitious. She looked
back upon England with mingled feelings
of grief and burning indignation, and con-
tempt of herself and hatred of the laws by
which she suffered. And for what had she
endured this conflict, which first and last had
given her more unhappiness than had been
crowded in the whole of her previous exist-
ence! Why nothing but the foolish vanity
of wearing a cast off pearl!

But Rose Mac Orne had a mind elastic
and vigorous; it soon rebounded from de-
pression. She looked around among her
companions, most of whom were tall and ro-
bust; some of them were handsome women,
she counted them and counted the men.—
There were sixty convicts and fifteen men.
Before they were half across the Atlantic,
Rose had laid a plan daring enough for the
helmeted Joan of Arc, in the full tide of her
inspiration. She communicated the plan to
the women, which they entered into heartily
and warmly.

At length the important hour arrived; pre-
caution had been taken; all were in readi-
ness. The vessel stood for La Plata to ex-
change cargoes and take in refreshments.—
They entered the huge arms of the silvery
river, and cut its waters with the arrowy
flight of a bird. At length Buenos Ayres
lay before them in the distance with the
broad, clear, bright moon light spread over
it like a heavy robe. The wind died away
and the vessel lay gently moving on the bos-
om of that majestic river, like a child play-
ing itself into slumber. Midnight came.—
Rose had an eye like a burning glass, the
crisis was at hand, and all looked at her for
direction. Her lover, according to prom-
ise, had taken his turn to be pilot; and all
slept save him and the convicts. He sat at
the helm looking out at the waters, and
looking at the "silence audible." There
was a slight motion in the sails; then sound-
ed the whistle of the pilot. In twenty min-
utes every man was bound fast and gagged,
the convicts were armed, and the vessel was
in full sweep for Buenos Ayres. There it
arrived a prize to the prisoners! Great
noise was made about the vessel seized by
women and brought triumphantly into port.
The "Lady Shore," for that was the vessel's
name, was crowded with South Americans.
The bravery of the women was loudly ap-
plauded; and in three days the richest young
Spaniard in the city offered himself to the
beautiful Rose Mac Orne. Her promise to
the pilot was forgotten. The ambitious
Scotch woman now wears pearls and dia-
monds in plenty, and most of her sister con-
victs are now at the heads of families in Bue-
nos Ayres.

MISERIES OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE.—
Poor fellow! he returns to his lodging—I
will not say to his "home." There may be
every thing he can possibly desire, in the
shape of mere external comforts, provided
for him by the officious zeal of Mrs.—
his house-keeper; but still the room has an
air of chilling vacancy, the very atmosphere
of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited
appearance—the chairs, set round with pro-
voking neatness look reproachfully useless
and unoccupied; and the tables and other
furniture shine with impertinent and futile
brightness. All is dreary and repelling.—
No gentle face welcomes his arrival—no
loving hands meet him—no kind looks an-
swer the listless gaze he throws round the
apartment. He sits down to a book—alone;
there is no one sitting by his side, to enjoy
with him the favorite passage—the apt re-
mark—the just criticism; no eyes in which
to read his own feelings; his own tastes are
unappreciated and unreflected; he has no
resource but himself—no one to look up to
but himself; all his happiness must emanate
from himself. He flings down the volume
in despair; hides his face in his hands, and
sighs aloud, O! me miserum!

From late Foreign Papers.
A snow storm of unprecedented severity
was experienced throughout England on the
24th, 25th and 26th December. In some
places the drifts were 12 or 16 feet deep.—
The papers record innumerable mishaps oc-
casioned by the storm, of which the following
may serve as a specimen:
"The Brighton up-mail of Sunday had
travelled about eight miles from that town,
when it fell into a drift of snow, from which
it was impossible to extract it without fur-
ther assistance. The guard immediately set
off to obtain all necessary aid. After much
difficulty, the coach had been found, but could
not be extricated from the hollow into which
it had got."

Brighton, Dec. 28.
An avalanche of snow and ice fell yester-
day morning from Malling Cliff, at Lewis,
crushing seven cottages, and burying the
inmates; the bodies of 11 persons were dug
out of the ruins, six of whom were dead.
The advices from Spain are not important.
Bilboa still held out against the Carlists.
Gomez, who committed such ravages in the
Southern Provinces, had arrived safe at the
head quarters of Don Carlos.
The Queen of Spain has acknowledged
the independence of the South American Re-
publics.
FROM CALCUTTA. By the ship Mary
and Susan, at New York, Calcutta papers
to Sept. 17th, are received.
The Anniversary of the Emancipation of
the Press in India was celebrated by a din-
ner at Calcutta on the evening of Sept. 15.
A sword fish 18 feet and 9 inches long,
and 4 feet 5 inches in circumference, was
captured at Bombay, Aug. 28th. The sword
was five feet long.
A case was tried at Allahabad for the re-
covery of five hundred villages in Ghoruck-
pore. It was decided in favor of the plaintiff,
Qusim Ullah, who it is remarked, will now
be the richest and most powerful man in that
district.
A tremendous gale occurred at Allahabad
on the night of August 23d. The loss of
forty-eight boats, was already ascertained,
and it was feared this was by no means the
full extent of the calamity.

Calcutta, Sept. 12. A dependant of the
Burrpore Rajah, who had made himself ob-
noxious to the Ryots, was, we understand, a
short time ago, seized and buried alive. An
investigation into the circumstance was in-
stituted, when two of the party concerned
were hung, and twenty-two imprisoned.

The Bombay Courier states that the slave
trade is carried on to a great extent at Mo-
cha. A letter from that place says, "I have
ascertained that within the last ten days, up-
wards of 700 women, or rather girls, from 10
to 16 and 18 years old, have been imported.
They look wretchedly from starvation, re-
ceiving but just food enough to keep them al-
ive." The cholera was raging at Mocha
to an alarming extent. The Company's A-
gent, the Captain of the American brig Wa-
verly, and 42 others, were carried off by it
in one day.